

of the workers are being met by counter moves on the part of the masters. There is a drawing together of both classes, a spirit of solidarity is showing itself amongst the workers which heretofore has not had expression.

The hand-writing has appeared on the wall, and the masters class, unlike the Eastern king of old, have read it, and are prepared to fight to a finish.

Mr. Keynes sees only the death-threes. He either could not or did not see the birth pangs. He sees the utter break-down of an economic system. He foresees a struggle of an intellectually bankrupt class to retain its supremacy, in defiance of these very principles of efficiency, which the modern "business" governments are supposed to be based upon.

#### The Parting Of The Ways.

Fellow-workers, we are at the parting of the

ways. There is a dangerous piece of ground ahead of us. Are we prepared to do our part in the re-organization of society? The Russian workers took the bull by the horns and have shown us a magnificent example.

The imperative need today is for UNITY OF ACTION. MASS ACTION. ECONOMIC ACTION. And the formation which appeals most to the mind of the writer of this article is THE ONE BIG UNION. In such a formation and in the shop stewards movement are to be found the machinery upon which the new order of society is to be based. Let the ruling class weep over the death of their civilization. It is our task to assist at the birth of the NEW ORDER. AND OUR ASSISTANCE MUST BE METH-  
ODICALLY ORGANIZED, OR IT WILL BE USELESS.

## They Wait....

By Michel Marty, in "La Vie Ouvriere."  
(Translated For The Toiler)

Seamen—inured to the hard of the open, of machinery, of the dangerous ocean—once they were men... Sailors of the Black Sea, convicted for having refused to be lawless and conscienceless mercenaries, they are in prison.

I saw them—gaunt, with drawn features, they were calmly waiting. I asked them about the details of their misery; the five francs per month which their families are allowed to send them, their wretched life which slowly passes by with a glass of blackish water, called coffee, bought each morning, to cheat starvation... the wooden planks which serve them as a bed

... But they cut my pitying questions short:

"Don't waste time!" they said. "Have they understood our action? Are they going to help us?"

I explained. They answered:

"Words, always words; they don't know how to organize as we did, in spite of our officers, of cold and the hardship of being so far..."

I kept quiet. They continued:

"They don't work together. Disagreement. Quarrels in the shops. Apathy. Weakness at the bottom! At the top, force and ferocity. Have we then sacrificed ourselves in vain?"

I searched for words to console them and to make them understand the weakness of men tossed about by the force of circumstance. They said to me:

"Here—hunger, cold, silence, pallets of straw, guns... we were already acquainted with that on the coasts of Russia. We can endure all... but at least they should understand... they should unite... they should help us..."

The guard grew impatient. Moving toward the door; with tears in my eyes, I left them, while they cried after me, they who remained behind:

"Tell the people of France that we wish they should feel the iron hand of a tyrant, since they do not know how to be free."

And I went away, crying.